

Approved by
Z.C.
 ZINES CODE

SM50

BIG SEXY
7
 * 50P
 STINGE BAGS!

BEATS OTHER ZINES WITH THE UGLY STICK!

SKATE MUTIES

FROM THE **5TH** DIMENSION

protected widely by patents throughout the world



I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE ☐

SKATEBOARDS ROBOTS and GUNS! wot more do you WANT?

HERE'S A STRANGE THING

ARE YOU SAYING HE IS THE CREATOR?

STRIPPING YARN!

THOSE STONKERS SOCKING IT TO YOU

THE MARK

of

CHAOS "SEX CRIMES" MOUNTAIN
HOGWASHED JO BREAKDANCE
TANK-TOP HACKENWARPED
BEANO "THIGH BONE" M^CDRAW
VERNON WEDDING TACKLE
RETARD BOGLE MAN



GRIMIC RICKO SWEDE
SLUG SLUG CRISPIN
WILSON PICK-SHOVEL
HAILSTONE NOTTY ASH
PHYSICAL DAVEY

ATTENTION! CALLING ALL SPACE
ALIENS IN CHOCOLATE BUBBLE GARS!

FLOG S.M.5.D FOR DOSH!!

Yes breadheads, we are in the position
to offer you HARD CASH for flogging
Muties. Wholesale rates start at a
mere 5 copies, we pay postage and
there's no need to pay till yah flogged.
Some offer HUH! Write bloody fast for
details.

"THAT ALIEN IS A
BOUT TO DESTROY
US"

ADVERTISING

Now is the time to place an ad with
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With a circulation of 5,000 can you
pass up the chance of flogging your
record, magazine, sexual aid to our
lucrative readers? Contact for dead-
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plunked on your doorstep as...regular...
as...uumm...when it bloody comes out!

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only! Cash of all currencies is fine
if its cunningly hidden and secured!

HOT DOG
JUMPING FROG
I BUNK BELGIUMS!

CAPTAIN FURY
I LOST MA
HEAD! BARBON!



MUTIE MEN ALL PRIMED AND
PORKED
THEY'LL CUT OFF YA HAIR AND
LEAVE YOUR KEBABS UNFORMED!

YOUR
OWN

O.K.; O.K! Take that shooter away from
your deformed bonce, get yourself outta
the gas oven and put sleeping pills back!
We're here at last, all ZONGED up with more

bite than rabies-infested Rotweiler and
wittier than Noel Coward on bad acid!!!
Yes, we does know we promised to emerge
every two months regular as buggery. But
what the Milton Keynes! We've got other
things to do than entertain all you thrill

Keep the same underwear on for 52 years

starved mongs! Full on journalist we is
not, so plonk that in your pipe and toke
on it!

As you race through the plush paging
you'll see a new feature or two. A
heart-wrenching "True Romance" photo
strip with enough passion to make a grown
man break down bawling and a loada tosh
on MOUNTAIN BIKES, a current mutie band
wagon we climbed aboard. So feast you, peepers
on it and write or draw something if it
gives ya a stiffy and see ya again in the
late summer with changes that'll turn
water into Jack Daniels! Now try
and get your 50p's worth, 'oosen.

your trousers and WATCH SOME SKY CUTTIES

THE MUTIE SQUADRON



"AM I--AM I
BIG--OR
AM I GOING
BACK TO--"

S.M.5.D.

6, DEAN LANE, SOUTHVILLE,
BRISTOL, BS3-1DF, U.K.

STARS IN ANIMAL PASSION



MIGHT AS
WELL FACE
IT IN
ADDITION
TO TART
COODLING!

SNAPPER
FISH ATTACK!
DUCKT
SETTEE COVER!



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FACTS-FACTS

FACTS! the remarkably amazing and utterly wondrous

FATH

WANT!

'OUTBURST!

THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT!

GO TO JAIL

Now then kiddy winks, pull up a mushroom, roast your chest-nuts and gather round while we unfold a not-so-fairy tale...

Once upon a time there was a jolly old hippy who used to run a "SKATEBOARD" magazine back in the far off days of Saturday Night Fever and Bad haircuts- The 70's. Now he thought to himself. "Crums! This skating lark is ore again well popular! I shall gather myself some unpaid peasant labour and relaunch my cheesy old mag!" But one detail stopped him. Being an

RIBBA! RIBBA! SODGY BICCU!!

old married fart he had no READIES! So off he did waddle to the dark satanic mills of LONDINI OG town, to see an old beardo chum who had lots of luvverly piles of money and published lots of luvvly magazines. The old beardo, who had been for the kids and really right on in the sixties, welcomed him with open arms and said to him "Ver-ily! I sh.ll publish your magazine of skatee-boarding and shall ask only a few little changes, honest!" But all was not as it seemed! For the old beardo had been corrupted by the whire powder he shoved up his naughty old hooter and was now overcome with producing magazines of naked ladies, many of which were of under deflowering age, and also wished to turn the jolly old hippy's magazine into a kiddie poster thing to sell along side the "AHA" type magazines. Veritably the jolly one was



Multi-color ape designs

passed off and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. But to his rescuer came Sir Yuppie of big Bucks who said to him; "Fear not! Bigger the pervy beardo, let him do his poster magazine, while you come and work for me and together we shall "Underpant Man" of the year.

DONKEY DONG! HOLD DE FRONT PAGE!



BIG BOYZ!! LITTLE BOYZ!! BOUNCING-BEG DA CATS IN THE MICROWAVE + THERES ACID IN YATER!!

HA-NATHAN-HAW-HAW! THE FINISHED PRODUCT IS HORROR-GOOD! AND I DID IT!

Police halt the 30mph whizz-kid

POLICE officers watched in amazement as the boy whizzed passed their patrol car.

Doing 30 mph in the middle of the road and totally out of control, he was trying desperately to stay on his skateboard.

Yesterday the 13-year-old boy from Worcesterminster, home with a caution, but he could have faced prosecution. It could have been a legal him off with a very stern warning," said a senior officer.

The boy who was caught was travelling at 30 mph, and officers could not believe later, there could be a very serious accident.

We would not suggest young boys should not use skateboards but they should do so carefully, and parents have a role to play.

BUT WHAT ABOUT DOOM?



rejoice, make pots of lolly, cos' I truly know what the Kids want!! So the jolly skateboard man from the magazine was saved from the depraved beardo, whose face was much reddened, and the mag lived happily after, well for the next few issues, anyway....

STUPIDS HERESY,

IT'S WAR.OFFICIAL!!

YES MUTIES bring you the EXCLUSIVE news from hardcore battle zone! IT seems that THE STUPIDS, everyone's favourite whipping boys, and HER"Network of friends"ESY are

Top skaters quit Olympics

currently involved in a slanging match of untold ferocity! The bands first came to blows at a London show when KALV, Heresy's hunky dreadlock bassist and ED "I don't

want to be a social worker" SHRED had a violent barney about the STUPIDS using their own bouncers to, some what harshly, chuck pesky stage divers off during their set. Next the STUPIDS received a smashed-to-fuckery copy of their "SOUNDS" Freebie EP through the post, together with a partic-

ularly venomous note which was traced back to GUESS WHO???

Now the STUPIDS have sworn on their twinkies to reap terrible revenge. Will it be shooters? Gangs? Beatings with sticks? Who knows? But this is EXACTLY, we say, the sort of thing hardcore CAN do with!!!

LEADING SKATE SALES REP IN PROZZIE SCANDAL!

We know the names, the floozy, and the revolting sexual impliments and if the gentleman concerned doesn't wish the sordid facts to be revealed then bloody fat cheque better be forthcoming! NUFF SAID.

LAGER FRENZY FOR PROS!

(FUCK ME/ OR WIGRAPE A TREE)

Folks have informed us of the real reason behind JESSIE MARTINEZ and NATS KAUPAS' visit to our humble shores. Although they come to skate, do a bit of shopping, skate some more, see Buck House and make out WHO'S FOR HOT-DOGS?

with girls the really biggest factor in them accepting an expenses paid by trip courtesy of ROLLER"money bags"MANIA is the PUBS. Yep the said two venice boys are fascinated with the thought of frothy warm beer, Olde Englishe landlords and the fact that some even have ramps in ale houses! So if ya wanna meet the duo. It's bigger the park! Start looking under the bar tables. WHILE ON THE PLANET BELOW.

MUTIES IN MODELLING CAREER SHOCK!

Would you credit it? And, even more, would you believe it?! Whilst out on a vastly muddy Mountain bike ride, certain Muties were spotted by a Big Wig from cool-as-fuck bike manufacturers SPECIALIZED.

Now it seems the said company wish to feature us in a well glossy ad surrounded by busty maidens and quality bike tech. So next time you're browsing through the porno's in SMITH'S take a butcher's at BIKE magazines, you never know who'll you'll see.

I slapped his puffing face



a head-on collision could have you fainting ...



You could end up with a face like a abstract Painting!!

DISCO MORONS TO CASH IN LEAK!

A minion at the STOCK, AITKEN AND WATERMAN empire comes to us with some well juicy gossip! Whilst on a "find some spammie lass to make hit records" trip to the States the three tubby chumps were howled over by the skaters they saw on the West coast. Now they have plans to produce a stonking great "summer hit".

EERIE SKULL FLASHLIGHT
Featuring oodles of sampled skate sounds like grinds, airs and slams, plus slicked up "sunny" type hits like the BEACH BOYS. Add to this a video of hellishly harsh skating and what with the reintroduction of flares (HOOHAY) Fashion victims are gonna



have a bitch of a time deciding whats "IN"!!!

QUOTE OF THE MONTH!!

Bristol skater commenting on the chick attraction of a certain Yankee pro

RAMPS A GO GO!

lazy sods in the NOTTINGHAM area can now attain hot vert. action with-out the 15 mile trek to the "GREASY SPOON" ramp on the Leicester to Notts road. Cos it's fucking been shifted ain't it! Now its centrally located in a cheezy old warehouse, a visit to "SELECTA DISC" should prove location fruitful as their long-haired assistant has the

exact location. Get to it.... Staying in the impoverished North, MANCHESTER now has a well spooney ramp the size of several bull elephants!! Located under the gigantic SPLIT SKATES store on Church St, it's well worth a visit. So pop in, buy a sticker and say we sent you...no doubt you'll get a slap across the chops for your pains...

Lastly down in the well to do South, BRISTOL may soon have its own ramp/hangout/drug-den in the shape of a, praise the lord, disused church! More titbits on that the next issue.

I don't have friends. GOOD!

POP STARS IN SKATE CRED PROBE-

AGAIN! Following on a long line of "lets get into skating as its terribly young and hip luvvie" pop star malarkey, is one TERRANCE TRENT DARRY. "TEZ" has been spotted getting in some down training down at South London Latimer Rd ramp and first

GIANT 10-FOOT RUBBER SNAKE!



reports say old big cake hole is not half bad! We reckon its only a matter of time before a "Skate for Baby Jesus" badge appears on his somewhat gaudy leather jerkin... Talking of Mutie products in the public eye, we don't wish to scoff but (sounds of head swelling) Did you

see those ace young poppers THE WONDER STUFF sporting "PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE" shirts on late night T.V. Big cred, AYE! Also loopy states group DESTROY ALL MONSTERS were seen sporting "WATCH THE SKIES" badges on Saturday morning kids tele!.... Now if only MICHAEL JACKSON would wear the "SKATE, SKATE, SKATE LIKE FUCK" badge

MILK TRUCK!!

CALLING ALL SLOBS!!

PLENTY MORE ALTH ON OUR NEXT PAGE...

Thats the lot this time, all gossip,
law suits, and embarassing tales are
welcomed with open arms but remember
keep it dirty! I I MICKSPREAD

J. J. MUCKSPREADER

I DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE! --LET'S DISCUSS

BiG TALES FR0m

CLOGGIE LAND!

HEY!! HOW
COME YOU
ENGLISH ARE
ALWAYS DRUNK

I..WANT!..MY..UH!
FUCKIN..DISCO..GANK

LET'S SEE THE
BUMS DIE!
SHOW US
SOME ACTION!

We left spiffy old Bristol somewhat gang-handed in a van ready to fill up with second hand clothing goodies galore. Why? Because Amsterdam was

I'm going to the pub for a shit!

The fucking album is out! HOSE THAT GIRL!

SPAZZTIC BLURR



So go buy, beg for, steal, or at least listen to it... you'll be craving!

BARACHE RECORDS P.O. BOX 144 NOTTINGHAM NG3 4GE U.K.

our destination and "Queens Day" was the main event on our program. The Queens Day (not a lot to do with raving homosexuals I add) is the only day of the year when Mr and Mrs Clog can sell anything on the streets they wish, so the cobbled streets are awash with stupidly underpriced gear just waiting for enterprising Breadheads to ship back to Blighty and chalk up stonking

A quick hack and slash. A little peeling.

ve got a very acrobatic guard-dog.
Profits. After a blinder of a time on
the "Everyone get pissed quick and run
around exposing yourself" Ferry, we
arrived, heads throbbing in HAARLEM.
A flat town in a flat country. So
abusing the ample street terrain was
in order. Most roads have foot high
banks on either side and all curbs are
well awash with nice slidy paint. A
streetsman's wet dream, for sure.
After tracking down an "OLDE ENGLISH
PUB" (Pah), to this foreign muck says
"johnny tourist) we hear tales of a
park with a half pipe. Plans are made
as we visit the numerous SKATE/SURF
shops. Bronzed buggers who ride the
water waves predominate here, HAARLEM
being coastal flavour. Next day we hit
the park- which was a strange old 70's
affair with a well tight 7ft trans-no-
bottom half pipe with PLATFORMS no
less! Rootsy stuff. Added to this was
a 7ft quarter pipe and PAINTED concrete
banks and you get a weird (and bloody
slippery)ride. Blood was spilled but

Could you wipe the lipstick from this sausage, please?



It was only a quick session, as sex, drugs and dosh called in the form of Amsterdam.... After a few hours we'd met up with a few local skaters who provided a place to stay! And a joggins

I bit him. Then again,
good thing to, as Amsterdam is as pricey
as LONDON and with beer prices at 60p
a third pint you'd soon get brassic
with-out a free crash spot. We stayed
DUTCH STUFF. COUNT OVER =
YOU DEAD BODY!!

... BUT THEN AGAIN
MAYBE IM GONNA
BUTCHER YOU
UP HORRIBLE !!

You offal-robbing bum-bandit!

With a bunch of coach wielding hippy travellers whose two buses joined together provided flowing beer all night. With powerful hangovers under our belts the next morning, we decided to head for the BUTENVELD half pipe (catch a tram from CENTRAL STATION and don't pay unless an inspector gets on, then

pretend to be a dumbass tourist, which you are anyway!) Whilst shredding away our hangovers we mer more locals (friendly bunch Johnny Clog) who told us about a street contest at the RAI CONFERENCE CENTRE the next day. In

answer to our query as to why the half pipe was deserted they said most Amsterdammers preferred street skating! (cor, they don't know when they're well off, passing up on a 4ft high bitches of vert, 16ft wide ramp. Spoiled for choosin' or WHAT) Next day with three



THE CRACKERJACK VIGIL OF DEATH

days of hard drinking catching up on me, I elected to enter the street comp, perhaps not such a good idea in retrospect (hangovers made by the devil make you do dumb things though). I entered the "B" group and my run was short, violent and painful. The jump ramps were too piddling by our standards and the curbed topped quarter pipe was the scene of most body destruction.

Hobbling away, Britains good name in tatters, I recovered by soaking up the harshly loud P.A. hardcore delights and watched 300 kids murder each other for a sticker. (yes sprogs and sticker tosses are the same the world over) The "A"

group was won by a black bloke with vast dreadlocks who busted 6ft high ollies off the jump ramps and juicy 360° slides on the flat. Everyone

agreed he should have won and most definitely watch out for this guy. I'd have remembered his name but the wacky baccy is so incredibly unreal over there.. well y'know.

Amsterdam is a street skaters paradise - banks and painted curbs abound and ramp malarky is great cos they're deserted. The locals are friendly and nearly all speak english (and thats what us tourists like, admit it!) The coach

fare is but £36.00 Return and you can find a Youth Hostel or room for about £3.00 a night. Add to this, dope available on every street corner, 24 hrs drinking and a jolly rude Red light district and what in VAN DYKE VANKS name are you waiting for? Get over there, pack your beret and shades and get mellow and lose yourself in the most easy going "no-one-wears-a-tie-honest" Town in the world.



MARINE CORE! MARINE CORE ARE GO! YOU EAT THE BRAIN + I'LL HAVE THE TOE!



YES, WHAT FRAT



PEACE THROUGH SUPERIOR FIREPOWER



Es SNaIL Breath

YEEH POWWW! Studio Bristol

blighter. Now there's us expecting a handful of punk has-been punters turning out in the crumpled zippy trousers and receding spikey hair and whatta do we get, for Nobby Styles sake?! A fucking multitude of gummy basin-headed transpotter types with freshly purchased S.L.F t-shirts stretched over their fizzy pop and Mc.Donalds guts. Crazy

huh! We even had to pay full price, cos of the throngs, instead of conning cheap tickets out of gullible sprogs. Spooney it was not! In we tumbled, cursing our lack of foresight, about to part with our wedge for LAGER-U-LIKE when the first bars

How To Breakdance

Learn secrets, spins, flips & flashy footwork. Step-by-step instructions for Headspins, Handglide, Wave, Pop, Lock, Mannequin, dress, crew dancing. 128 pages. Illustrated. With Champion Breakdancer certificate. Send \$3.45 + \$1.25 shipping. (\$4.70) Johnson Smith Co, Dept. 3302, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043.

of "Alternative Ulster" struck out like a ghost from the past or some poetic old trollop like that. Bilge! It's only 9.00. Are these boys keen! We plunge into the dandruff and B.O to secure a beneficial position to gaze on "Jolly angry-Punk", 10 years on. OH, NO! NO! NO! It's cabaret time. Back in the (wipe snot from eye) "old days" when amphetamines, cider snake bites and badly amplified sounds made a gig, you couldn't tell one S.L.F number from the other. Noise it was!! Jake Burns, their wobbly necked singer would lose his glasses, his voice and then his memory and then forget all the words.

The FAMOUS CHICK with THE FRENCH NAME

But it was fiercely good and cut considerable amounts of mustard. Now look at the buggers. A squeaky clean set of crowd pleasing raves from the grave, playing with "we-luv-ya" grins and far too much professionalism. Even the "fish" salutes looked like they'd been rehearsed to the n'th degree. Add to this, they all look ancient and the bassist is a big fat bastard who's probably a milkman on civvy street and you have a nice earner for S.L.F. But minus...um... "quite a bloody lot-matey!" on the Richter scale. Out of the flabby crowd we prize

A firecracker-up-the-nose gag gets things off to a rollicking start

Decapitated Head Kit

J.J.J. JACK UP DA KOTAK!

BALDY INNA MEAT SACK!

WOMAN ATE 142 CONDOMS

ourself and out of ears reach as the band start into another old "fave" which has the audience wetting their very un-designer trousers. Out-side we're assailed by swarms of "LOAD-SA-MONEY" merchandize hawkers wagging tour t-shirts in our depressed mushes. We would have pinned down these vile working class wide boys and defaced the faces on the t-shirts with dollar signs, "Sold out bunch of tubbie cunts" and other such well thought out jibes but we forgot to bring our permanent markers... otherwise we would've honest! Mind you thank a trout we did go in - in one way!

The Freedom Of Milton Keynes

Otherwise we'd have attended the 999 gig the next day, which we shall leave to the "Kevins", "Spikes", camouflage jackets and the cordoroy bondage trousers brigade as they seem to lap up this "OH...ERR!-Behind-on-the mortgage-payments-lets-do-a-"10 YEARS ON TOUR" sort of knob....



FAT LOG! HUMMING SPRING ACER SECTZER!

SEEN YA WALKING DOWN DA STREET! PIGS GENTLES STRAPPED TO YOUR FEET!!



SNORKYERTWATLUV?!

BELFAST BLABBINGS

Laugh with masculine ferocity.

Well I'm sitting here in school feeling very bored, so I thought that I could kill some time by writing to you and telling you of our skating exploits yesterday.

On Bank Holiday Monday 2nd May, prior to the Belfast Marathon, there was a 4 mile "Fun Run", in which over 4000 people young and old alike, participated.

Myself, (the infamous TOSH TAILSAVER) FREAKY FERG and the COOKIE MUNSTER all got up at the unearthly hour of 5.30 am and we kitted ourselves out with S.M.5.D (no advertising please!) shirts and groovy shorts and made our way to the starting point. On arriving there we mingled with all the spectators before finally managing

Racehorse and bambi pie in pigs blood gravy

to sneak into the competitors area complete with boards (i.e. we didn't pay the three pound entry fee- ha,ha!!) The looks we were getting were great!

"They're under skaters orders, and they're off!" The first half mile was really only a walk, and a wave your deck at as many TV/newspapers cameras as possible time.

However, on hitting town and the City Centre the sticks went down on the ground and it was time to have some serious fun!

Anybody caught shouting "Cheats" at us would be greeted by an "accidental" elbow in the pecker and a chorus of "PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE"!!!

At the two mile mark there was a lovely long down hill slope, so we just skated right down it at full speed, trying (unsuccessfully - ha!) to weave in and out of the runners!

"Skate Har-assment" Time - One of the officials approached me and told me to get off my board but with the shout of

MORE BELFAST BOTTOM OF NEXT PAGE.

It all started when I was a pup...

MUTIES "THE KIDS HATE YOU" TOP TEN

1. BEN ELTON
2. THE BASTARDS BEHIND THE "HOLESOT" SKATE SHOW
3. THE TOWN PLANNERS WHO PUT UP TREES AND SHRUBS INSTEAD OF NICE CONCRETE BANKS
4. S.L.F
5. SIMON BATES
6. ANYONE DUMB ENOUGH TO BUY A NINJA SCOOTER THINGY
7. THE PEOPLE WHO SAND PAPER THEIR PADS TO MAKE THEM LOOK "GNARLY" (THE KIDS CAN TELL YOU KNOW)
8. GOTHIS WHO HAVE COMMON ACCENTS AND SMOKE PUFFY FOREIGN CIGARETTES
9. SLIMY LOCAL RADIO PRESENTERS WHO INTERVIEW PEOPLE ABOUT THE "SKATE CRAZE"
10. ANYONE WHO'S BEEN TO SAN FRANCISCO- CUS WE'RE AS JEALOUS AS BUGGERY

BIG PUPPET BASTARD MC. SAY EVERY BUBBLE EYED DOG BOY WILL HAVE HIS DAY!!!



WARNING



AND NOSES DID COME DOWN FROM THE MOUNT AND SAY, "HALF PRICE BOGLE BUNS ALL THIS WEEK AT SAFWAYS!"



GINGER-SPICED MUFF

Remove Crow's Feet Completely

tucking great Thermonuclear fat lad's bum Do you feel remote from ordinary working people?

LOOK it BLOODY COMP TIME!

Oh dear, It seems our typist has taken too many mushrooms and bugged up the names of the following famous skaters. Can you help the poor sod get them right and win yourself a SPOONEY prize.

NUTTY KALIPER
SAWN OFF
STEAM TAXI CAB AND AERO
POINTY STICK HILLOCK

TOADY ALBINO
MUCKY GONGOLOID
DRESSY MARTINI
TRACY PER SMELTER
TOMB GORILLA

MINGS A DOUBLE SPAZZ CHARTIO!

We've got five fabby DR AND THE CRIPPENS LPS to give away plus a whole shitload of "Terminal Mutation" stickers. So get your puzzle heads on and winners will be announced in #8. Alrighty!

Belfast Bulls some more ma Son!

"These are very nice Madam - Skate like bloody fuck" I left her in a very irate mood!

Good 'Ol' TOSH TAILSAVER used a bit of initiative on the last stage (much to the annoyance of the other two nards) and felt very proud of himself. You see I spotted a mate of mine on a bicycle and after threatening him with my deck he finally agreed to 'tow' me along. The speed I managed to pick up was bloody amazing (faster than people

JOIN THE G.I. JASON CLUB (sprinting), though I was flipping tired out! I was able to wave 'Queen Mother' style to all the crowds who went on to laugh at me - fuck'em!!

The finishing line was now in sight (Ferg and Cookie still about 1/4 of a mile behind me!), and in true skaters style I did a wonderful ollie over it, almost crippling some bloke!

After nicking two crates of 'free' (well, I'm not really a thief you see) bottled spring water, it was time to 'lead back and enjoy the rest of the day skating - though it did start to bloody well piss!!

So there you have it then - a truly boring account of three dicks' day out.

Luv Ya Tash Tailsaver

MAN KILLED BY INDUSTRY! MAN KILLED BY FAGGOT BEE!



ME POLITELY INTERRUPT YOUR MONOTONOUS MOUTHINGS TO SHOW HOW HARD I CAN COMPUTE! UH... ONE PLUS ONE EQUALS... UH... UH... ER... FORGET IT!

know your SUB-CULTS

An essetjal THRASH THRU DA twilight World of skate TRIBES



ISSUE 7 COMP!
THE WINNERS OF LAST ISSUE "DRAW THE MUTIES" COMP ARE DOTTED AROUND THE PLACE. WINNERS SHOULD OF BEEN NOTIFIED IF NOT WRIT! QUICK-AS-FUCK!

HEAVENLY WENCH

the whipper snapper end of the cults and probably the most pooh. Tends to hang out in large noisy gangs, all performing crap 1 inch ollies and constantly jibing the most obese member of the gang (usually nicknamed "Tubs"). Sprogs invade every piece of skateable terrain in school holidays, hopelessly trying to emulate photos from "THRASHER" and getting crushed

as you land the granddaddy of all bonelesses. Sprog boards are always squeaky new, in the gawdiest colours and have a habit of slamming into the back of your ankles. When not cluttering up the park, sprogs will be found purchasing junk food or being bought more useless bits of board plastic by their mummies.

TO DISPERSE

Slink upto them and whisper "Have you ever seen a grown man naked?" or, "The local skate store is giving away free stickers to the under 16's"

THE FREAK

Usually terminally unemployed so will be found bumming around skate parks, scrounging fags day and night. Freaks come in twos and threes and spend most of their time "Hanging Out" (i.e sitting on their bottoms drinking beer) or doing piss easy carves and grinds saying that they "REALLY FLOW with the environment like man. Many wear silly sunglasses come rain or more rain, on their decks, battered as a Mike Tyson opponent, are held together with carpet

Cervix with a Smile



I think therefore I am not an MP

Blast Chaps

tape, rizla papers and a prayer to one of their silly hippy gods. Often they are behind these so called "Skate Jam/Comps" and although they'll state they're bloody Anarchist or whatever, they enjoy bossing sproggs around and making a packet to



support their dubious drug habits. Freaks, though offensive in appearance, can be jolly useful to know as they usually have "knowledge" of vast quantities of very cheap and very "HOT" skate gear. So for the price of a can of "Kestrel Bastard Strength" and an introduction to your kid sister (as all freaks are sexually depraved) you'll get a handy, but a bit pongy, contact.

the pigs," or "MIND if I play my Rick Astley cassette VERY LOUD" will work. Also try substituting carpet cleaner for their beer (mind you it's doubtful if they tell the difference.)

These are the sort who live, breathe and shit skating and will skate every day come snow, typhoon or bacterial

THE MINUTE YOU WALKED
WE JOINED... I HAD
NOG YAH TELL YOU
ITED... THAT PORT
NOT WAS THE
TAL OF BRAZIL!!
--DE..DUM..YEAH..

TO DIE

PLEASE!
YOU
MUST
HELP ME!
YOU
MUST!

DON'T MIND POP, HE'S SENILE!

I AM NOT!

A black and white line drawing of a person's torso and arms. The person is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt. They are holding a rectangular glass filled with water in their right hand. The glass has a simple design with a horizontal line near the bottom. The person's left arm is partially visible, resting on a surface. The background is plain.

BLOKE -U- POKE!

DO WE TAKE DRUGS

WANTS THEM TO
SLEEP AT NIGHTS!
GIVE YOU MONEY
FOR BODY FOR TIGHTS!

SITS UPON MY HEAD
D+ SEND ME TO BED!!

Ones Fanatics have horribly short tempers and will fling, with raging hate, their boards at passers-by, have a screaming fit and tantrum and turn the air blue if their FINGER-tip-air-to-bollock-hard-re-entry is not 100% perfect. They own ultra light up to the minute boards which they treat with god like reverence and have every flash accessory worn to modern man (i.e. fur lined designer skate jock straps and N.A.S.A. tinted 100 quid a throw lace guards) and not making you feel crap at the skate park they'll be found losing temper and being perfect at the coast with surf-board.

ISPERSE - Perform lots of silly tricks in front of them and giggle a lot while they skate, as they have zero humour, or slip a double vodka in their Athletics "NUTRIENT" supplement" as they're all boring straight-edge bods.

Can be found at any decent skate spot, swaggering around, pretending they own the gulf and generally being butch. Locals are the least likeable of all the cults and

anyone imposing on their turf, be it a three-year old girl on rollerskates or their mum calling them to tea, will be piss taken, well justified and given a middle finger to "suck on". Locals tend to dress American, cos U.S. ramp nazis are their heroes, so expect a good whipping with a wet bandana and more cold shoulder than a butcher's fridge if you dare to impose on their turf.

DISPERSE Short of levelling their spot with a bulldozer and cutting off their feet there's little way of seeing if this type. You could try sticking on

HEY KID... PUKED ON YA THIGHS!

A HITLER'S HEAD ATTACK!

a Hitler moustache and goosestepping around them (thereby guilt-tripping them) but as they couldn't give a flying toss about outside opinion you're onto a losing horse there.

Walking into posh pubs, programming the juke box to play Elvis!

DA

OLD RUDDLES BLADDER-NOGGIN

PEDAL POWER
TRACTOR
AND TRAILER

MOUNTAIN

BIKE

EXPERIENCE

A TALE TO
MARVEL
ATTHE WILD
SHALL WILD
REMAIN

ANOTHER MEGA difference is the gears, these space-gadget biopeds have not 10, not 12 gears but 18 gears. (That's 3 cogs on the front and 6 on the back, SMUCK) The gear shifts themselves, are on the handlebars just with-in thumb range, instead of on the lower frame. This gives the obvious advantage of not having to take your hands off the handle-bars when changing gear. Imagine screaming down a not-too-bloody flat forest path, dodging the trees and you have to take one hand off the bars and reach down and change gear... HOSPITAL TIME!

BUT WHY ARE THEY SO POPULAR??

A year or so ago the MTB's you saw were ridden by YUPPIES, COURIERS and CYCLE FAG TENDRIES. But now they're more widely available and more people have been bitten by the MTB bug. "ONCE KIDEN FOREVER SMITTEN" as the T.V ad says. More and more people are swapping their racers and CHOPPER TOMAHAWKS for a piece of the action. I mean what can you do on an old fashioned bike except ride from A-B via a well surfaced road, and bugger all else. How many times when You were a sprog did you wreck your bike 'cos you tried "scrambling" it all over the woods? MTB's can go any-where you want'em to, the only limit is YOUR bottle.

YOU WANT NAMES? WE GOT NAMES

NATIONALLY there are 4 main types of MTB. There are other makes, but these are not yet available everywhere. These 4 types should be sufficient for the virgin: SARACEN/SPECIALIZED/MUDDY FOX/RALEIGH

Prices vary from £150 to £1000. There's little point in listing all individuals as you can get a more accurate estimate from your local dealer, but it's not worth spending less than £250, if you do you'll not be getting a MTB just a useless piece of shit that looks like one. Remember in most cases the more you pay the better the frame and components, and the longer the bike will last. (so don't be a cheapskate smucko!)

RALEIGH £150 to 250

As mentioned before there are MTB's and these are bikes that look like MTB's. RALEIGH MTB's are alright if you want something to ride to the Squash club and back, but are not robust enough for rollocking

PUNK GEAR

Did you think a WISHBONE was something you pulled with Granny after Sunday dindins?

Does DOUBLE BUTTED CHROMOLY sound like the latest Danish porno import?

Is SPECIAL EPOXY POWER something you put up your nose at seedy parties? WELL, if you answered yes to these questions its time for you to get wise to... "DA MOUNTAIN BIKE EXPERIENCE"

Yes, this issue us MUTIES seek to rip the mysterious shroud from these mighty stallions of steel and give you, The Kids, the low down on what makes them tick.

JUST WHAT ARE THESE

STRANGE MACHINES???

BASICALLY MOUNTAIN BIKES (or MTB'S) are pushbikes designed for on and off road riding.

But what makes them different from my RALEIGH GRIFTER? I hear you shout... Well, try riding over a fallen tree or up a fifty-great-year-vertical mud bank on one of them bleedin' antiques and you'll bloody well find out!

But this is just what MTB's are made for with their strengthened alloy tubing (i.e CHROMOLY) and specially designed joints (i.e DOUBLE BUTTED) these tubes are strong enough to take even the most gnarly of obstacles, and light enough to whack on your shoulder and carry when the going just gets TOO tough.

CHEAP WHAT ARE DRUGS?

VISUALLY the difference is wheels, tyres

and handle-bars. The wheels on the MTB are slightly smaller than your average racer, this makes acceleration faster and handling easier on rough ground.

Tyres come in all different shapes and widths from thin'n'flat street jobs to huge great knobby ones that really sping the shit around, these are the best cos they give your bike that "Chunky moon-buggy look", as well as being well grippy. MTB handlebars are straight, which means you don't spend half your time bent double over the front wheel, like on drop style racers and are easier to handle, unlike those cheesy "cow-horns" or "apehangers".

would after my death like medical students

to make rude comments about my obesity

IMAGINE IT!
A WORLD
GOVERNED
BY QUALITY
SNACKS!

BANG

AHHH I
CANT TAKE IT!
SIXTEEN HOURS
IN A WANKING
SHIRT! NO!
PLEASE! NO!

PLANET
OF THE APESPLASTIC
GRAPES!

ASK DA **savage junk, ferocity**



QUACK

WVIV DOC MALLARD



**bottom
slop**



All Your Skating Problems Answered

TROUSER TROUBLE **fatal gouging,**

Dear Quack
You've got to help me with this really embarrassing problem I've got. Everytime I ride my skateboard on some really gnarly terrain (i.e a cobbled street) my whole body vibrates. But thats not the whole problem, the strange thing is I get this horrible swelling sensation in my underpants and then I get all overexcited. Is this normal for a 13 year old,

Yours
WORRIED SICK
Compton Dando

DOC: Well sick, don't think theres a lot wrong with you downstairs really! Try reading some of your old fellas "Adult" magazines and see if you get the same, ahem, stirring. You'll soon get to the **ROOT** of your problem!!

DADS A LAD!

HI DOC!
Me and my brother are having a real hassel with our dad at the moment. Not for the usual reasons, you know, won't let you stay out late, stopping pocket money. Quite the opposite, our Dad is too enthusiastic!! He insists on driving us to the skate park all the time, talking to our mates and making really corny jokes (He says he can "relate to the Kids") He even borrows our boards and has a go. All this is making us the laughing stock of the park. Please advise us about what to do.

Yours red-faced
Tristan and Luke
CAMDEN

DOC: Bit of a Credibility problem here bros. Try egging him on to do a really harsh trick and hopefully he'll crack his cranium and be off your backs for a few months. Other than that get your buddies to call him a "Wet, liberal museli-crunching, limp-dicked BASTARD". He'll soon get the message.

B.M.X PUZZLER SOLVED

DEAR DOC I reckon I've found the perfect solution to getting rid of those pesky B.M.X-ers who clutter up cool skate parks. Take a leaf out of "SCOOPY DOOS" book! Invite all of them to a free "MIDNIGHT BARBEQUE AND SEX PARTY" at the skate spot. Dress up as a ghost, ghoul, zombie, what-



ever and then chase the buggers around with a bloody great knife! A bit of "SLICING AND DICING" doesn't go amiss either! Yours Happily

Tommy "THE RAZOR" BOYCE
BROAD MOOR HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

DOC:Yes,....not really one for the faint-hearted though "TOM"! But definately a FINAL solution.

MAN FROM THE MINISTRY

QUACK: Whilst enjoying a rad days sport down the local half pipe, a gentle man with a strange hair-cut approached me. Producing a I.D. card (WHICH looked uncannily like an out of date driving licence) he said he was from THE DEPARTMENT OF SKATEBOARD INSPECTORS and that my stick had to be taken away for it's yearly M.O.T. With this he relieved me of my skate and gave me a receipt saying "I.O.U. one skateboard signed M.MOUSE". Now my problem is do you know the address of the said department as I haven't seen head nor tail of my board since?

yrs hopefully
Adrian Wiffle
CANTERBURY

DOC: Ah the old "SKATEBOARD INSPECTORS" yes I think you'll find them at "HOT RONS SECOND HAND GOODS, THE RAILWAY SIDINGS" etc, etc... and the best of British to you!???

HOBSONS CHOICE.
DEAREST DOC

I wish to purchase a skateboard in the foreseeable future and want to know which is the more excellent make "VARIFLEX" or "X-CALIBER"??? Both have really "rad" shiny wheels, nice heavy "trucks" and witty slogans lide "LOCALS ONLY", "CONCAVE CRAZY" and "MADE IN TAIWAN" tastefully enscribed around really good drawings of snakes and skulls on the underside of the deck. Please, please help me; make the right decision! yrs

U-JITSU
DON'T GET BULLIED
SAM
BASINGSTOKE

DOC: To be honest Sam theres not a lot in it! If I were you I'd take a look at one of those "FAB NINJA SCOOTERS" OR a yummy pair of roller skate boots. Lame Wardrobe? Don't come around here looking for "Quack"-t-shirts, Mr. what do you think this is - THRASHER!

Keep your letters rolling in especially the ones about sexual problems and drug abuse.

yrs Doc Mallard

roaring puppet stench

leaving roller skates on the stairs in Catholic hospitals

COL. BAGSHOT'S top ten EXECUTIONS

unbridled slaughter activities!

ad news out there for all you
act fans. Cononel Bagshot, that
atriarch of peculiar paraphernalia
and oracle of the obscure and obsolete,
can not be with us this issue, as he
is engaged upon an expedition of
enlightenment in Ecuador. To
compensate for this I present for
your jolocity a recently compiled
list of the Thane of Thropwark's ten
most favourite tortures and executions

THE RACK

Designed to dislocate limbs, the
degree of pain administered to the
victim could be precisely adjusted
and held.

Bagshot comments 'That's stretching
things a bit far'
Christian Martyrs

In Roman times, one method of
execution was to strap red hot plates
of iron to the victim's body, then
remove flesh with red-hot pincers.

Bagshot comments, 'It got the
thumbs up from Nero'
More Christian Martyrs

Other Christian were covered in
pitch and set alight, to be used as
human torches for the night-time
Roman games.

Bagshot comments, 'An al-fresco
rave'
Shirt of Perpetual Masturbation

legendary carthaginian torture
said to drive victim to an early
grave. Upon removal of shirt,
prisoners were induced to forget,
allowing the masturbation process
to be continually repeated.

Bagshot comments, 'A sticky fate'
Newgate Prison's Press Yard

A board was placed upon the offender,
then large stones were placed on
top one by one, with crushing
effect.

Bagshot comments, 'Now that's
what I call heavy discipline'

Trial by Ordeal

Before the jury system, suspected
offenders were hung by their thumbs,
with burning brands applied to their
feet, or their ears and noses were
cut off, the wounds being sealed
with a hot iron.

Bagshot comments, 'British justice
at it's finest

violent bark



First Place T-shirt
+ Subscription!!
WOT A SPANKER HUH! EVEN
HAD US MUTIES BUSHING!
..IF YOU CAN DO BETTER
THEN WACK IN YOUR ART-
WORK TO US. BIG PRIZES
ARE ON OFFER HERE!...



Death through bestiality.
More a form of entertainment than
punishment, chimpanzees were made
drunk on wine and encouraged to
rape girls tied to stakes, to
please Roman crowds.

Bagshot comments, 'Sounds like
too much monkey business'

A homosexual's death.

A red-hot poker would be administered
from the rear, as in the case of
Edward The Second.

Bagshot comments, 'They don't like
it up 'em'

The Stake

More religious martyrs and alleged
witches were disposed of by
chaining to a stake and being
burned alive.

Bagshot comments, 'Some like it hot'

Hung, drawn and quartered.

The victim was tied to a horse's
tail, dragged through the street
then hung, but cut down before
death. The entrails were then
removed and burned in front of
his face. Finally the head was
removed and the body quartered.

Bagshot comments, 'Chilli sauce
was optional'

All due thanks to Colonel Bagshot
for this fascinating list. Hopefully
he'll be back shortly for more
excursions into the hall of fame.

Yours,
Johnny Zilch.

aids glove

SKATE CUTIES ARE BOWDAGE FAGGOTS
SPOTTY MUSHES AND PRICKS LIKE MAGGOTS
TEQUILA FISTINGS, BUNCH OF AUNTIES
JUMPING IN EACH OTHERS PANTIES



missed monster clothes

A Hack slash fool GOGGLE

AT OOOO! So naughty!
SCORE
 Scooby Snack Massacre
 And the weird...
 XRAY GOGS

SKATE MUTIES thang... A cretin's guide to Splatster Movies!

Righto then, I shouldn't think that there are many of you unfamiliar with the realm of "SPLATSTER MOVIES" but for those yet uninitiated, I'll try and splash some gore-caked insight into them within the paragraphs to follow. First off, a SPLATSTER MOVIE is a tangent from the horror genre. However, rather than leaving much for the imagination, as far as killings are concerned, it steps into the "Grand Guignol" theatre approach whereby the audience is stunned immobile inderment as to HOW exactly, the effects in the killing were achieved, without using a REAL example!

The more GRAPHIC and, even, IMAGINATIVE the death, the better! Simple as that. The out and out splatster movie mogul wants to have an effective grisly death bursting from the screen at every available opportunity. (Or at least I do) Naturally, however, this high calibre step is outweighed by the low calibre market, and I'm not talking about Big and Low Budget films here either. Quite clearly, some films revolve around similar themes (fear of the unknown, the blood-lusting maniac on the loose, etc.)

The audience relies on the INTENSITY of the whole film and more importantly, how GRAPHIC the killings are. Good effects in a low-budget movie can pretty well save it and the more vividly violent the death, the better. The audience DOESN'T want cop-outs! In other words the IDEAL splatster movie does not go in for the "see killer stalk victim; victim sees killer; next scene is victim dead and killer gone" approach. That's the sorta "mainstream" stuff designed for wimps! However, it works the OTHER way too. Some films can be TOO "real" for their own sake. Realistic deaths yeah, but "Realism" no! WES CRAVENS' infamous LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT is a fine example. In it two girls are assaulted and raped, quite vividly. Throughout the most part, by a gang. The camera-work is purposely shoddy and the story - of revenge - is thin. Whilst it loses ground there though the details are outlined TOO clearly. Thankfully, however the movie has since been banned from the market altho' I'd rather it be because of being tacky than being supposedly capable of inciting the local bunch of rednecks



HORROR HOLOCAUST



We love you because you're a whole lot wild and a little bit reckless, and you're the man we'd all love to tame one day.

blasted mug



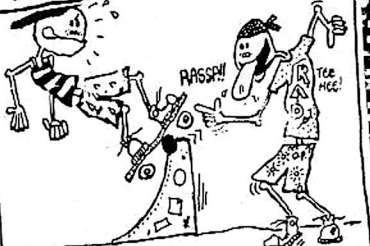
to go out on a jaunt of raping, pillaging and plundering! Basically, splatster-movies are your modern Era fairy tales, watched for the same reasons as a child watches a Walt Disney/Star Wars type fantasy movie. Like everything else that's cool, they're constantly attacked by the Board of Censors needlessly. It's a real shame tho' becuz I trust we ALL know the real things which need to be censored don't we? I mean, what frightens you more, some cranberry sauce spurting outta a dummy head or the news?

To round off, here's a list of some of the best films made yet. Not ALL are now available, thanks to those righteous dudes at the top, but there are plenty of CONTACTS if you try hard enough. Each and everyone of these has graphic gore and a relatively worthy body-count so INDULGE.....

HELLRAISER, DEMONS (I & II), NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET (I & III), TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE (I & II), NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, DAWN OF..., DAY OF..., FRIDAY THE 13TH (don't bother with all the rehashed sequels though), ALIEN and ALIENS, ROBOCOP, EVIL DEAD (I & II), THE THING, THE EXORCIST, AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON and NEAR DARK. Avoid the overated HILLS HAVE EYES, DRILLER KILLER, CREEPSHOW and HOUSE II and catch everything else in between.

Lap'em up!
 Ritchie Grim

IF DOWN THE PARK YOU DO NOUGHT BUT MOCK



YOU COULD END UP

EATING SKATERS SOCK!!



MORE VIVID! MORE VIOLENT! MORE VITAMINS!

Post From Da PLEBS

ELECTRIC EYE
LIVE AMIGS
ARCHERY SETS
HONEY BEEES

BEAR
WE
YOU
HAVE
GUN

EVERY PUPPET
EVERY SPORG JON
THE CARAVAN!!
BEAT OUT DA
RHYTHM ON A
ROASTED BIRD
LAMB!!

and presently putting on shows in our big hall, contrary to rumours otherwise. If you're planning a European tour, we'd like to hear from you. We are the only independant concert hall in Amsterdam and we're trying our best to keep it alive. We'd appreciate it if you'd contact us directly at:
627 Van Hall Straat,
1051 HG, Amsterdam
Holland

S.M.5.D

There you have it! An open invitation to go and force Europeans to listen to your own brand of ear torture. Check out the "CLOGGIE" report for more info.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Recently my 12 year old son bought your churlish magazine and as a result of your "DRUGS" article (see # 6.ed) he sniffed all the adhesive in his model making kit and then proceeded to "interfere with our year old labrador pup Toby. Some hours later my husband found our son stuck to a very confused pup

GRAVY

covered in a sticky white substance that was certainly not the glue he'd recently been abusing! Our son is now undergoing psychiatric treatment and my lawyers will be in contact with you poste haste.



yours disgusted,
Mrs Shelton
GWENT

S.M.5.D Totally unconvincing you weirdo! Who ever gets their sick pleasures out of sending hoax letters like this should come round our pad like we'll show you tricks with a tube of glue and a furry pet that would snap your mind like a brittle twig.

DEAR EDITOR

Skate Muties etc, yes, yes all very well but don't you think its time you dropped all this skate boarding stuff as its well- so passe and not in the slightest bit street anymore. Do us all a favour and concentrate on the Rock and Roll filth O.K! Cheers,

"I FEEL NAUSEOUS!" A SCHOOLY D.Fan
S.M.5.D Ah, man of great insight and third eye-ress. How did you know we're changing the name to 'Mountain bike Muties and any other craze we can latch onto from the 5th Dimension'... and you think we're joking...

DEAR MUTIES

How do ya "skate for the baby Jesus" if you're a shite muslim like myself?

S.M.5.D Well "skate for Allah or we'll chop off your willy for the Islamic Revolution" has not the same ring about it yah bogus bastard!!

Hello,

We are a group of people that live in a squatted building in Amsterdam. You may have heard about us before... We're called Van Hall, and we're alive

carnage.

I may have the frail and useless body of a woman, but I can get through sixteen buckos a night

IF THE RAMPS BEING DOMANIATED BY A SHOW OFF SOD



AND STILL MEN AND WOMEN DRAG OUT THEIR PHOTO ALBUMS IN MISERY!!



LIVEN THINGS UP WITH THE OLD CATTLE PROD

Dear Susie B,
I am refering to your letter in **SM5D** about skater hardcore types. Well obviously dearie you've been missing out on your life. Maybe you and your pussy cats are frustrated or something. Do you spend your time dancing around your hand bags and wondering whether your eye-liner has smudged or whether your perm is too tight? I am in fact a female and do indulge in pastimes that you have missed out on. Why don't you lock yourself in the kitchen 'cos it sounds as if thats where you belong. BAZ, a simpering girl hater.

SM5D Well looks like we've let the CAT outta the bag on this one! So come on girls tell us!! Are skaters all tight muscles and limp dicks. Or can the Fella in your life cut the mustard in the sack as well as the skate park!!!

Dear **S.M.5.D**,

I was recently conned into buying an issue of **S.M.5.D** (No 6) at a Chaos U.K gig in P'boro, what a load of utter bullshit, I couldn't believe it. You people don't know what you're fucking on about. Every band



INDUSTRIAL SIZE PACK OF HOOPER BAGS THROWN YARDS AWAY ARE TYPICAL SIGNS OF WAR!

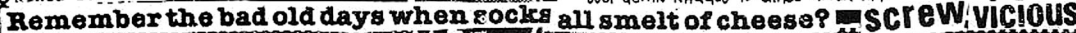
YOU LIKE MY LITTLE PET? HOW DOES IT GRAB YA HA-HA!

SLAP UP FEED-ONE! SLAP UP FEED TWO! BOTTLE BY GUINNESS, THROWN UP BY SHREW



I KEEP HAVING WET DREAMS

TURN OVER FOR MORE LETTERS OR DIE COMING!



COMPLETE CONFIDENCE

Dr. Who and the Shreddies of Nabisco
Doomterm Guardians of the Empire

Classified ADS

Without your help we would not have found the happiness we now enjoy in the twilight of our years.

WE can't help you, we wonder who can!

BANDS WANTED for gigs in Aberdeen to play at Thrashy/Metally/Moshy nights every Tuesday. Also Wednesday night gigs in EDINBURGH! Send demos, and info to ROCKIN' ROYSTON, 10 BELMONT ST, ABERDEEN, tel; 0224 641431. We also do all kinds of very cheap PHOTOCOPYING for skaters, punks, anarchists etc.

AN ANDROID WITH 200 LEGS

STONEHENGE FREE FESTIVAL is on, somewhere near the stones. June 17th-26th, bring food, pots, tents and musical instruments!

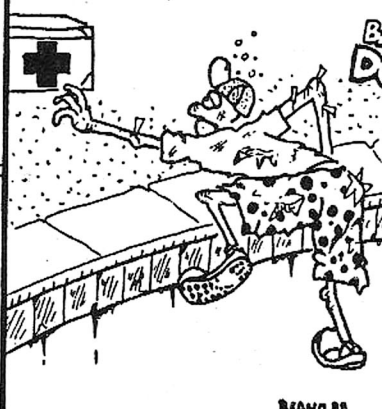
Hi. I'm an American skater new to the U.K and I have't met a female skater yet. So if any girls want to get together with a Freaky yank for skating, gigs and fun, write today. (enclose a photo!) Box 23.

WANTED FOR CASH!

Old toys, annuals, trivia from 60's tele programmes. Also does anyone have the "Glow in the dark" series of plastic model kits? (Especially the PRISONER OF CASTLE MARE!) Box 29.

WHEN YASKATE WHILE YADUNK YOU THINK YOUVE GOT IT MADE...

BUT BOY, YOU'D BETTER BRING ALONG THAT OLD FIRST AID!!



ENGLANDS NUMBER ONE
SKATEBOARD SHOP
ROLLERMANIA

WE EXCEED THE NEED

62 PARK ROW
BRISTOL BS15
TEL: (0272) 279981
10:00-5:30 Tue.-Sat.



Virgin slugburger please!

NUT

WAYNE, DARRENT SHARON MAKE THREE! KILL THE WORKING CLASS WITH A PRICE OF BRIE!

GLUCK! GLUCK!!

Any BANDS who would like to play in sunny 01 GUERNSEY write to Baz, 3 Brave Rd, VALE, GUERNSEY, CI or phone 0481 4809. We can guarantee fares back, but you might have to pay to get over, between £20 and £30. But we'll put you up, show you the sights, lots of sun, surf and sand, cheap fags and booze... What are you waiting for?

EAT YOUR WHEELCHAIR! CURRENT HIP HOP and HOUSE tapes (the heavy stuff) wanted in exchange for tapes of most new HARDCORE releases. BOX 707

WANTED, Punk badges!! Any size, any state no matter how crap. Also all your unwanted "KINDER-EGG" toys. Get rid of your rubbish for money, Box 24. A unilateral 200 mph limit for Cod.

WANTED DESPERATELY by shoe fiend! A pair of thick soled, round toed BROTHEL creepers in any colour except white! Will pay postage and top rate price, condition not vital but it will help if they're wearable! Box 101.

placing an ad matey?

Piece of piss ain't it? Just £2.00 for any message you want and an extra £1.00 for a box number if ya want one (which means we get all your letters then send them on to you if you don't want 4,000 sicko's knowing your address.)



BA DOON!

A WOMEN BREAKS DOWN+ GRIES! BUT THIS IS NOT THE WORK OF PUPPET BASTARD!

PEANUT



We love you because you're big and lovable like a teddy bear. You play records we love to hear and have a smooth, friendly voice.

Do not pass Sexagessima. Do not collect used plastic soup cups in the hope that they may come in useful some day.

Toadoids from the planet Neptune



da PArDonS StEWed PETS CRAMiE

Electric Ballroom, London

NOW THIS HAS got to be the billing of the year or I'll be raped by a dragon. Here was us, gang handed, somewhat beered up and more than just a little ready to boot some bum and you weren't so SUCK!!
 "Yonks-a-lordy!! Where are the masses, the sprogs with v. expensive t-shirts, the fools in baseball caps just itching to drain our ample supplies of 3.M.5. D?? Perturbed at the thought of no mag sales = no imported lager, we got touched up by hunky bouncers, tumbled into the venue and caught on to why outside meant zero punters. The snakes were already inside, plopping away to SCREAM as the gig started a bastard half past seven. PHARRGH! Worra cheek....The yank band were already getting full-on by the time we'd stolen a comfortable side of stage spot. Now, I don't know if it's just us, but why do spanking good "Elder" hardcore acts make one good album then get a severe attack of serious-musician-aitus??

THESE EARTHLINGS MAY BE SMART BUT ITS CHEESY SNACKS THAT WIN THE DAY!!

MEANWHILE TIME WAS GROWING SHORT. THE INVADERS FROM SPACE HAD UNLEASHED A FIERCE TORNADO ON HELPLESS EARTH-- SCUTIONK!

HORRIBLE HERMAN DARES YOU TO LOOK IN THE BOX!



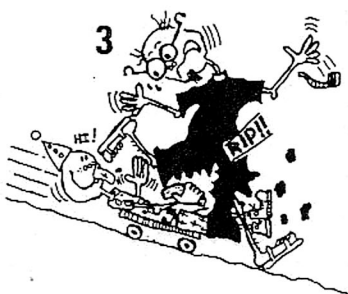
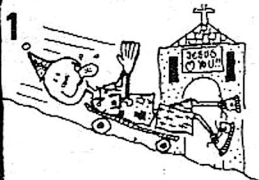
curried savagery

Then its all long hair, funky-ass bass lines and proper songs. Punk rock it is not! still SCREAM serve up their new grown-up rock approach with double helpings of gustojumping around like speed trucks and generally appearing as happy as small beetles, so can't fault the old scowl! buggers too much. Time for a sortie amongst the crowd which seems to be made up of spotty, Essex virgins, drunken French punks and horribly spammy American girls. Always the same, you're more likely to be molested by a smurf than find a cockney in London. But who's complaining? Spotties buy the zine, frogs give you beer and Yankee girls can give you their.... Back at stage right we catch an eye-full of three hunks in a band with a rude name. And I tell you it was erections all round for us Matey! Talk about the new gods of hardcore! Boy, sweet riffs, pebble dash shit-hot drums and cute harmonies flow outta the HARD ONS like the sweat of the bassist's so-good-you-could-eat-it torso See them leap! See them sing about fucking! Then shake their hair! Then sing about more fucking!

chopped tonkies

moon knob tonic
 Tonic for the troops and the double whammy hit of the night. These guys are gonna be mega-big, just wait for them to change their names to "The Hardies" or something. In times when the POP-KIDS want to thrash out with no deep and meaningless words the "stiff ones" beat

TRICKS of SERIOUS BRAIN DANGER!



Funeral Slap

1. APPROACH TRICK IN THE COFFIN POSITION DOWN A WELL STEEP HILL KEEPING EYES OPEN FOR VICARS
2. FIND YOUR UNSUSPECTING VICARS AND REMOVE "SHATE FOR THE BABY JESUS" STICKER FROM POCKET.
3. ZOOM BETWEEN THE VICARS LEGS AND GET STICKER READY WHILST SAYING "HELLO"
4. POSITION OFFICER ON VICARS PRIVATE PARTS WHICH SHOULD BE NAKED IF HE ANY KIND OF REAL MAN OF THE CLOTH
5. DEPART GIVING A NICE WINE AND SHIFF LARGE AMOUNTS OF STAIN REMOVER

Utah young girls have weights hung from their nipples Regiona! Glut Of Family Levitation Acts

MUTATE OR

DI



Boot Up The Bum Winner!
YES ALL VERY NICE! WELL DRAWN,
VIOLENT IN FACT ALL THE BUSINESS.
EXCEPT WE DONT WEAR BLOODY
TIES!! A SHOCKING MISTAKE!!

HERES THE REST
YAWN! OF THE
GRIPPING GIG
REVIEW!

**fear of being accosted
by a Moonie**

all the rest with the ugly stick...
And it was with the girlier end of punk
rock that we stayed as the STUPIDS,
Britains mostest hated trio, bounced
themselves on stage. Now, us Muties are
sick to the back molars of all this :
"URR! The Stupids made 13p more than they
should have at a gig" and, "They're all
yankee clones and did you know that
Tommy's dad is a C.I.A Agent working for
South Africa!" Who cares already? So
what if they make a bob or two at their
profession, so does a bleedin' brickie
but you don't call them sell-out-bastard.
(cos' you're scared they'd hit you!)
So! They're a bit yankeefied!? At least
they did it first, when most bods were
still 'crass' clones giving it vego-
propaganda to the dozen. So they copy
yanks, but we all imitate some things, theirs
just happens to be across the Atlantic
and not your mate next door!! HUUMMPH!
Tonight the put-upon threesome played a
scorching set. Plenty of new bits to
spark off interest and chunky old ones to

blagging drunk

to keep the rather silly mosh-pit going
(where us Muties prefer to do the 'I'm-a-
For once the guitarist and drummer shut
their cakeholes and let the music do its
stuff. The band offer us finest sounds
and all most punters can do is moan about
the drummer being fat and their baseball
caps being too U.S.A. The STUPIDS-ARE-
WELL-SPOONEY backlash starts here and
join. FOR SURE!!!!
Gig over at 10.30. (would you credit it?)
AND pounding it was.

Every silver cloud has a small fat record producer in it

SORRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT
BUT, HASN'T SCIENCE PRODUCED
LIFE IN

NOTTINGHAM?
Just whats going on...

figging stonks



GOAT BOYS FROM
MARS + VENUSION
BEEEMEN!
ME LOSE WEIGHT
ON DIET OF SEMEN!

Erm...erm...scene report?....
Nottingham....skating...ooh?...erm...
Right Nottingham... ah yes... a subject
rarely touched upon by the big bad
world of skateboarding, but here I am
to right this unjustifiable wrong.
Nottingham has quite a few serious
skaters who tend hang out...(oops
perhaps I had better rephrase that)--
loitier at one of the main city centre
spots commonly known to the natives
as the BROADMARSII BANKS.. This consists
of great humps of concrete about 5ft
high with plenty of sloping banks and
some admirable artwork in the vein of
7 SECONDS. But as you might have

Find where the Marmite is in Tesco's

expected, the humps do have their draw-
backs. The first being the Broadmarsh
Security Guards who can be quite harm-
lessly avoided if you keep your peepers
open. The second being the tremendous
amount of dog crap in this area, so its
"skate skate skate like fuck, into the
side of a big dog muck" (sorry about
that but I'm already running out of
things to write and I've only just begun)

Anyway if you have any trouble find-
ing such locations go to an area known
as HOCKLEY where you'll find GRIDIRON
Nottinghams only skate shop where you
can buy some snappy gear and get the

squirted
his
BLOB!

rampantly
snogged

DEATH JOKE

GRANDPA'S DEAD



**NOW YOU CAN HAVE
HIS OLD ROOM.**



low down on the other places of interest
within the city centre. TRENT POLY
has some steepish sloping walls, steps
for grids and various other interest-
ing features such as the grumpy bloke
who tells you to sod off! I think
they call him the caretaker. There is
also a dissused bowl at Hyson Green
which was once filled with sand, but
I've now heard that it is empty and
skateable, although how skateable
I'm not sure. Rumour has it that if
you go down there you'd better take a
group of chums cause it's not the
most exclusive area. (scared of the
working class ha!Ed)



FLIPPER
FLIPPER!!
FLIPPER!!
DICK LIKE
A SLIPPER

Invite your friends
over for a
Haunting
PRIVATE

HERE LOVERS OF STORIES, COLOURS & GRAY, IS THE REST OF SCENE REPORT!!

Color Crazed Dick

Motorized Submarine

bog gob

Moving further away from Notts itself is a small town/village called SOUTHWELL: Home of WEISPOTS Records and FOOD LAVA the fanzine (well it's a free advert isn't it Southwell sux and has no serious skaters whatsoever. At the moment there's just a couple of quarter pipes and a few blast ramps but hip and trendy youth leaders may soon be knocking up a small 1/2 pipe. They also give us money to hire out Bones Brigade videos, which is about as close as I'll ever get to a bitchin' session.

yellow squirt

Yes, Notts does have its own 1/2 pipe but I'm not really sure of its location, but I do know that its on the premises of a motorway cafe next to a motorised go cart track and there can't be many of those around - can there? (clueless bastard!! Do you not live in this city or what? - Ed) Moving even further afield brings us to a rather depressing market town known as NEWARK which has quite a few regular skaters and a good little skate shop on BOAR LANE which stocks almost all your skating needs. (except for S.M.S.D)

So if you're bored one day and feel like skating in this area steer bloody of NEWARK and SOUTHWELL, no seriously folks a fun day can be had by all down at the Broadmarsh Banks. What do you mean you'd rather stay at home and watch Gardeners World. (No, "His Lordships House" sounds better - Ed) DID YOU ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST YES NO AS YOUR OWN PERSONAL SAVIOR? ☐ ☐

Anyone for tea?

sweaty incision.



If you're into the H.C scene then Notts has some cool clubs, well actually it has one cool club which is the MARDI GRAS (opposite the train station) and a couple of other not so cool clubs. THE YORKER which is on MANSFIELD ROAD, and the OLD VIC TAVERN which is somewhere totally obscure. I've probably left out loads like the fact that I was going to mention DAVE HOLLAND for a B.M. (Sorry Dave) Skate, puff or HALLIE

WHAT'S COOL

OLLIES
RAYBURNS
SHOPLIFTING
HATS
THE EARLY 70'S
FOOD
"LOADSA MONEY"
SAMPLING JAMES
BROWN
"HOLD" JEANS
RED STRIPE
LONDON
CONDOMS
LETTING GO

WHAT'S COOL

SPEED SKATING
TINTED SWIMMING GOGGLES
TAX EVASION
BANDANNAS
THE LATE 70'S
CAFFEINE
STEPHEN FRY
SAMPLING THE
SEX PISTOLS
SHORTS WITH "BUM FLAPS"
NEWQUAY STEAM BITTER
GUERNSEY
HEAVY PETTING
SELF DISCIPLINE

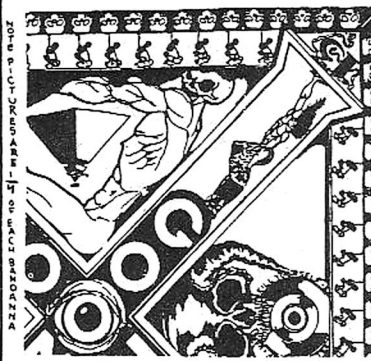
sick blasted

SHIRTS • BANDANNAS • STICKERS • ETC.....



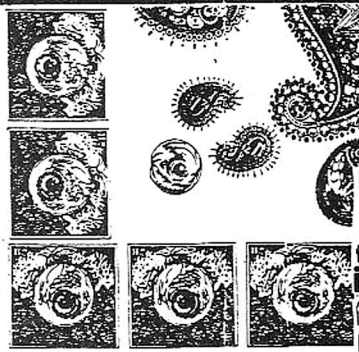
SKATE GOON
BANDANNA & (below)

SIZE 22x22" \$3.25 + 1.25 S&H
COLORS RED, BLACK, YELLOW WHITE



FOR INFO
SEND 1.00
FOR POST
AGE & HANDLING TO
ADDRESS
BELOW
RECEIVE
ALSO STICKERS....

SEND CHECK
OR
MONEY ORDER
EXCEPT WHEN
SENDING FOR
INFO. STICKERS



SIZE 22x22" \$3.25 + 1.25 S&H
COLORS RED, BLACK, YELLOW WHITE

13-X PAISLEY SKULL
BANDANNA (ABOVE)

UNDERGROUND GRAPHICS
P.O. BOX 3206
BLOOMINGTON, IND. 47407
U.S.A.

Levi moved
like an
unset jelly
towards the
judging ring



HORSE-KNACKERS YARD - HUGE PRESSURE COOKER - GLUE

ITS A GIG!

Gurt Big Squat ThinGey Bristol

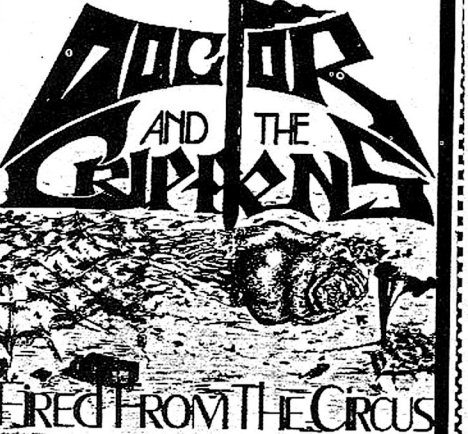
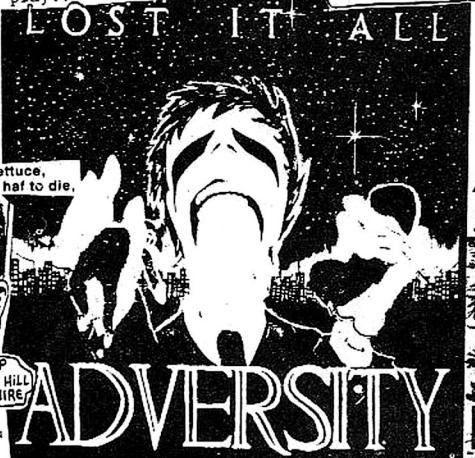
Anevent like this can be a blinding hir or a damp squib miss. The few others we've attended seem to turn into orgies of Evo-stick, l0pence bands, too many roll-ups and floors swimming with puke. Yer see its all down to the organisers- we reckon. Most of them are content to let any bunch of two-bit talentless bogles take the stage (not carnally we stress), then admit punters bearing crying sprogs, rabid dogs, armadillos

loopy acid casualties etc, etc..... Then they go off, get pissed as sticks and then start blubbing when the bands thump them cos' Mr.organisers have let the world and his teacup get up onstage and play so theres not enough time for the actual band to play!! Add to this the



confiscated and we tumble defenceless into a fiercely large hall complete with scrumpy bar, no animal rights stall and a food table serving nut-cutlets-type fare. Boy, have these squatter types got their KAK together....We strike up a conversation with a friendly politico typewho fills us in on the scam. All the bands have turned up (SEVEN OF THEM,COUNT'EM), the p.a. is all systems go; the rozzers have been and gone, even the Electricity Board had been and given the thumbs up!! All was set for a wallopping good night in other words. We plunge ego's first into the atmosphere of cheap drink,unshaven faces, half eaten vegetable kebabs and have FUN!!!

There's bands like THE ELECTRO HIPPIES, DEVIATED INSTINCT, CHAOS UK, CONCRETE SOX in a haze of hair, grease and scrumpy. The p.a. gets well rosey but no one seems to care. It's a huge party- MAN..(snort!puff!gulp!) Weird people are too busy quaffing bevies, making out in darkened corners or Drug-ab'sing under



CROSSOVER ADVERSITY 'LOST IT ALL' ACHE 13

GECKCORE! DOCTOR & THE CRIPPLES 'FIRED FROM THE CIRCUS' ACHE 14

HARDCORE - STIKKY 'WHERE'S MY LUNCHPAI?' LP COMING: TRANSGRESSION LP & HALF OFF'S 'THE TRUTH' LP

Manic Ears Records P.O. Box 527, Bristol, BS30 0AC, England. Tel: (0272) 281086

fact that all the babies are now screaming blue murder and the only dancing going on is by a pack of worm-infested dogs "slam-dancing" around the gaff and you have an enlightening but none too jolly experience. So it was with an ocean of trepidation that we approached tonight's venue (a bloody great Salvation Army Hall). But, HURRAH!! What's this, no DOGS? Says the sign. And, and... "All weapons will be confiscated!" By gum, what a fine idea. If anything is worse than being chased by a manic canine, it's being chased by a ment cleaver waving glue abuser who thinks you're Satan or something. In better spirits we cough up our entrance fee to a stern looking bunch of shaven-headed Anarchos (all Fred Perry and big boots for that PROLE look) and submit to a swift body search. Our grenade launcher and "JUGGERNAUT" vibrator are



stain glass windows stating "THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOURS BOTTOM"...well thereabouts. There's little point reviewing individual bands - cos' this is an event! A celebration of our uniqueness!!! A rogering good night with live noise and plenty of snogging to boot! So many other 'such squat events end in tears regurgitated chips and rucks-a-gogo, so hats off to CLASS WAR (everyone's fav. cartoon Anarchists) AND tonight's arrangers. They laid down a few rules, cut through the piffle and got a £200 profit for "ROCK AGAINST THE RICH", a noble(ish) cause.... PITY the bastard scrap. "melt down your filling for 50p" metal merchants were moving in the next day to gut the place. Still it ain't the building, it's the people that make it. As long as there's bands, punters and organisers there'll be squat gigs. Good and Bad. So in the words of Gloria Hunniford, "Co along and you'll be pleasantly surprised!"

durex mohican runt

BLACK SHADOW
PLATTER
Party!
A MUTIE PEAK AT POP

savage Mallet sucker

Ladies, Gentlemen, Children of the teenage era we invite you to an escapade through the world of contemporary music with our three tuned-in panelists, a score of fine bottles of "FARMERS TITTLE" and a wedge of Black plastic that bids for your attention and your wallet. And if you're still not put off by that most pompous of intros, get your mince pies round this lot.....

DOOM "WAR CRIMES IN HUMAN BEINGS" LP

SEX CRIMES; URR! Really pathetic cheese out cover, all black and white, dying people and pictures of their drunk mates on the inside.
THIGH BONE; Sounds very much like the son of Antisect and Discharge, in fact it could be the grim-faced dischargers themselves.
HACKENWARPED; Except no silly "Two monstrous nuclear stockpiles" type lyrics.

I; Must say if you dig this sorta all out thrash thing, then its quite swell, but its too doom-laden and cider-drinking-punks for me.
S; A bumble bee in a match box sound and I'll probably get my head punched for saying that.
(Peaceville)

SPUNK BUBBLES "SPEAK

LEBONESE OR DIE" E.P. 12"
S; OR speak english and die or gibberish or mongolian. Title would have been funny two years ago.
H; Really clodhopper clumsy drumt with jangly guitars, sorta mixes good old rock and roll with thrash.
T; A punch up between the DECENDANTS and THE COCKNEY REJECTS Australian style.
H; Too many girlie backing vocals for me....
T; (Clearly amused at his own wit) Running down the beachies OI! OI! OI!
S; (joining in) Shorts and flippers!
H; All very nice but wheres the direction? It seems aimless. Wheres the sound, like, going?
S; Off this bloody record player for a start!
T; That'll do nicely.
(Waterfront)

durex Allergy

HORROR RECORD
Terrifying, Horrible sounds. Banned, banned, banned.
95¢
DEATH WITH DA RECORD!
100% Insult Book
BALTIC PEAS! DEAD SEA TUNES! I'LL CHOP OFF MY TONGUE FOR THEM NINJA MACAROONS

HERESY "FACE UP TO IT"
S; What's the title again?
H; Should have been Network of Bum Chums or 'We love you all very much'!
T; Yuk! Don't it sound pooh! Crappie thing in the world, badly produced and sounds like a tenth rate Stupids.

durex
H; Not good enough to be called noise. Sounds more like a speeded up "Top of the Pops" album with a grown man crying over it.
T; A shocking waste of the world's shortening vinyl supplies. how do they get so much attention?
H; Through their network of friends.
S; Mind you it's like B.O. even a "network of friend" won't tell you that you stink!
H; Basically a bad album from an over-rated band. NUFF SAID!
(In your face records)

WHITE FLAG "SGT PEPPER" L.P.
H; No. More long hair and even a spot or two of make-up!
S; Hey but its real spanky! Poppy hardcore, sort of psychedelic, with cow-bells! And any band who use them can't no be bad.
T; Their thanks list has GEN.X, GERMS, X-RAY SPEX sorta stuff. HURRAY!
Corking good stuff!
H; Even a "BEATLES" cover version, these guys are fun to listen to and have REAL humour and not just pooh pooh jokes for change.
S; A summer smash could be? But on a tiddly record label it'll probably sink into oblivion, pity.
(Wet Spots)

THRUSTING VIBROS
BONK!
HELP...
BONK!
ME...
BONK!
AAGH!
Jet crap!

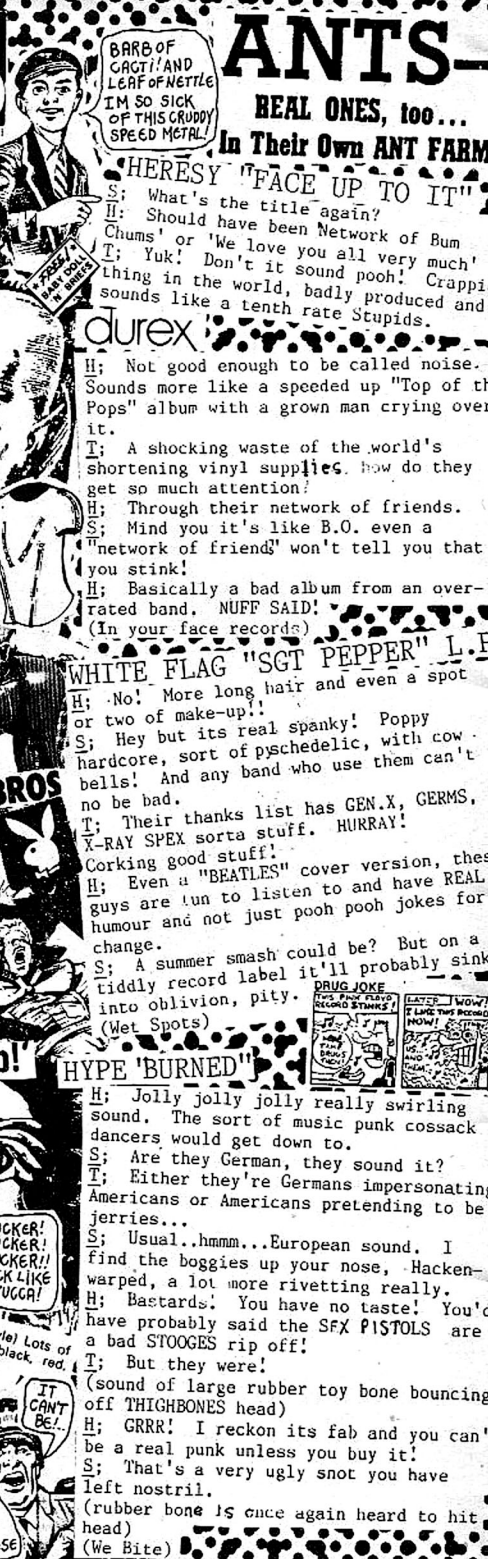
HYPHE "BURNED"
H; Jolly jolly jolly really swirling sound. The sort of music punk cossack dancers would get down to.
S; Are they German, they sound it?
T; Either they're Germans impersonating Americans or Americans pretending to be jerries...
S; Usual...hmmm...European sound. I find the boggies up your nose, Hacken-warped, a lot more rivetting really.
H; Bastards! You have no taste! You'd have probably said the SFX PISTOLS are a bad STOOGES rip off!
T; But they were!
(sound of large rubber toy bone bouncing off THIGHBONES head)
H; GRRR! I reckon its fab and you can be a real punk unless you buy it!
S; That's a very ugly snot you have left nostril.
(rubber bone is once again heard to hit head)
(We Bite)

CLASH JEANS (Bondage Style) Lots of pockets and zips. Colours: black, red, green, grey or khaki.
PUCKER! PUCKER! PUCKER! DICK LIKE A YUGG!
IT CAN'T BE!
I'M AFRAID IT CAN'T BE! THE WORLD READY FOR THIS CHEESE METAL

REAL ONES, too... In Their Own ANT FARM

BARB OF CACTI AND LEAF OF NETTLE
IM SO SICK OF THIS CRUDDY SPEED METAL

ANT



punk nostrils

O.K! YOU YOUNG GUNTS! GO FOR DARKEST OF THE REVIEWS

heroic tarmac teeth



LES THUGS "ELECTRIC TROUBLES"

S: Diabolically lets-be-arty-so-people don't-think-we're-thicko-punks front cover...

H: A 10 pence tribal intro as well. (music starts up and music STARTS UP)

ALL: I SAY!

T: This is it!! Not so much your Hardcore, more your Kosher punk this...

H: And not a long hair cut, checked shirt or "death skull" in sight. Excellent driving sound which is totally unique for France as they usually put out the worst garbage in Europe!

S: Music to dance around your bedroom to and smash all your old toys up too! (panel has a quick jig but the demon drink has taken its toll and the record player takes a tumble. Order is restored but minus one "Les Thugs" album. Much sobbing is heard)

(Vinyl Solution)

NEGAZIONE "little DREAMER"

H: NEG-A-ZOID? NEG-A-ZI-ONLY? Bloody hell never can pronounce these Italian Johnnie's names.

S: Tragically metallic thrash....

T: Not over the top, all the same. It's a bit P.O.R (PUNK ORIENTATED ROCK) but spiffy enough to grow on you...

H: Like genital warts maybe!

S: Crumbs better watch what we say or we'll all end up with horse heads in our beds.

T: Yeah lob it off and get Deviated Instinct on, I'm dying to get that over with. (We Bite)

DEVIATED INSTINCT "ROCK AND ROLL CONFORMITY"

T: (looking at sleeve) nice piccy of that puppet bastard Windy Miller with a chainsaw.

S: More long hair and drunk mates pictures. God these bands must all be using the same graphic designer.

H: What's this? Sick! Sick!

T: "Trumpet music" with a chainsaw over it.

T: Bet it goes down hill from there (sounds of the first song!)

S: Oh Thigh, how right you were!



CHICKEN FEED! DICK LIKE REED!!

T-Shirt + Stick of Liquorice Winner!! TALENTED BASTARD OR WHAT! TOP MARKS FOR THIS GRAVE EFFORT! FANCY YOUR CHANCES?? SEND IN YOUR FEEBLE BITS!!



STYLIS Bonaparte zip trousers, plenty of zips, straps and O-rings. Size small. Black or red. £15.50 inc. p.p.b.

HEH! HEH! HEH!! THE FLYS ARE AS BIG AS ONIONS!!

We love you because you write the sweetest songs. You love us because you've said so. We love you for saying what you think, in words and in song, and for doing what pleases you



DONT BUG ME

RONCH RONCH RONCH NOGE LIKE A CONCH

CHAMBER OF HORRORS



AND HERES ONE I STUCK MY PENIS THROUGH EARLIER



Victim Loses His Head! Really Works!

Just another wicked thrash metal squib with nought to do with Hardcore.

T: No rhythm, no gutsy riffs, it's got no balls.

H: Yeah, like a cardboard cut-out of a band, every intro you think - heard this before.

S: Summons up the smell of unwashed denim and cheap beer. Like to see them live but in your living room they don't cut the mustard...

H: Just the cheese! (Chainsaw)

HEART THROB SLIMEY DOG NOB! DOOMLADEN COB!!

SPAZZTIC BLUR

"AFTER THE ALBUM"

S: Rip roaringly bad cover with these Yank cheezers dressed up as toffs on one and as "bag" women on the other.

H: Stupidity maketh the band! Loads of crap sound effects, penny whistle and silly voices.

T: What MONTY PYTHON would be like if they had any sense and weren't faded old cunts.

S: Free form hardcore with the fastest chord changes these ears have ever stumbled upon.

H: Funny as fuck sleeve as well..

S: Arr some do say that "Dig" the label boss stuck pictures of himself in the photo collage on the inner sleeve!

ALL: Scandal!

T: No more EARACHE freebies for us! (Earache)

HELL BASTARD "HEADING FOR A NEW ETERNAL DARKNESS"

H: More like heading up their own asses!

S: Here we go again, slow gungy intro, under rehearsed drum rolls - then....

T: CHUGGA! CHUGGA! CHUGGA! METAL smetal!

S: I suppose it's what the metal kids want. Songs about M^c Donalds, cock-thrusting guitar solo's and a singer with throat

cancer.



crumpled glass hammock

Freddie Mercury is not a homosexual.

automatic beer goggles

STAR TIPS!

THIGH BONE; DR AND THE CRIPPEN
SPAZZTIC BLURR, WHITE FLAG
SEX CRIMES: WHITE FLAG, SPUNK
BUBBLES, LES THUGS
HACKENWARPED: LES THUGS, HYPE,
NEGAZIONE

ALBUMS TO PLAY FRISBEES WITH
HERESY, HELL BASTARD

FROM
Lippo ippo

**Scene Report
From IPSWICH**

"SWEET HOME IPPO" Turd overdos

Shan't try to write in fancy jargon
that ol' Hooverbrush and the like
do in this "S.MUTIE" thang, but instead
will tell you what you **REALLY** wanna
know about our dear beloved IPSWICH.
Well, the sun always shines, Guinness
is fl.18 apint, and them wonderful
SPACE MAGGOTS live here. The **MAGS'**
12" from VINYL SOLUTION wittily
entitled "YEAH... LOVE IT" has been

out awhile, wowing established musos
clear across town with it's level of
rockin' coolness. Of course other
bands Vinyl Solution douchebags
PERFECT DAZE live heretoo, and THAT
particular bunch of drinking buddies
will have a 12" called "REGULAR JAIL-
BREAK" available from said record lab
in a few weeks. **PAY MY FEES
WID SNACKS OF CHEESE**

You wanna hear more? Well, other Ippo
bands include UNDERTONES wanna-bes
THIS SIDE OF SUMMER, rad superbad hard
core jazz funk Ska-Punk-Rastas
COOLEST RETARDS, a couple of gothic
monstrosities called IRON CHICKEN and
STALAGNIN, and EVEN a few more beside
They can all be heard on a comp. tape
called "NO HEAVY POSING" that I'm
selling to dubious looking muthas for
£2.50 and of course a S.A.E. On
the zineage front, the only paltry

ordering currently doing the rounds
is my scruffily-typed, poorly set
out wad of scratchings called
"SMASHED HITS", and issue 9 is
slowly crawling around town at 20p
a throw. I think that's about all
the space I'm gonna get so I better
stop. Write us all a note here in
Ippo and we'll send you a S.MUTIES
flyer (cos I've got about 3000)-
thats all.
Lurve-
RETARD BLONDIE HEAD
64 Chatsworth Drive,
Ipswich.
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.



**hulking
cockpit**

STORK!
PODGERS
OF MANY HUES
HERES DEM MOTIE
REVIEWS! MMM!

T-Shirt Winner!
Yes a well put together
piece but doesn't it look
a bit familiar? THRASHER

SPAM! SPAM!
MORE FUGGIN
SPAM!

SHEAL OF
BRASS! HEART
OF GLASS
KICKS ME ASS

**ALL
PLASTIC
ASSEMBLY
KIT**

**SICK JOKE
I NEED MORE
MEDICINE!**

HERE'S A
QUICK
CURE!
BONK!
PUT HIM
OUTTA HIS MISERY

WE CAN'T
AFFORD
ANY MORE!

lagered bunk neck!

MUSLI
MASSARZE
AIEEEE!!!

Flick a switch and the
blade comes down
beheads victim
works over and over
again.

**X-RAY
VISION**
SQUID IN A
TANK
WANK IN A
BANK

he was hung like a fucking donkey

**DR AND THE CRIPPENS
FIRED FROM THE CIRCUS**

H: Hm... More gruff vocals and a guitar
sound like a ring chips.
T: Hey, give it a chance! It's got
the dumbest lyrics since the Ramones.
Listen "No vitamins in the food you
eat, go give yourself a treat, I
know something thats packed with iron,
Eat your Wheelchair neat!"
S: It really grows on you, poppy but
thrash, really snappy tunes and a singer
with a bit of sass for once...
T: Though it does sound like he's
trying too hard. Mind any band that sings a
about gardening is O.K in my books!
H: And what a wonderful sleeve, looks
so familiar??!
T: (red-faced) O.K! O.K! So I
designed the inner sleeve. But I
gotta earn a crust you know!
Times is hard! It's alright for
you bastards with jobs...sob...sob...
(with this the panel becomes dis-
jointed. Accusations of "Rigging"
are bandied about and a certain
album has huge willies drawn over
it. Lets just say a certain
"network" would not be pleased)

**GREEDY
BANK**

SPOOKY BANK

Great

HORRIBLY MUTATED HARDWEAR T-SHIRTS

THE TWO TROLLINGLY FAMOUS DESIGNS are still mucho available on XL white screen stars for the stylist we have the S.M.5.D in stubble black. While for daylo freaks we have the P.M.D in PINK or GREEN and BLACK. £4.50 and £5.00 are the going rates - people.

SKATE MUTES



5 DIMENSION

BACK ISSUES

You hopeless bastards who've missed out can be transformed into lucky buggers, 'cos we have still got issues 4,5,6 up for sale at 50p each. But remember (put's on carpet salesman voice) stocks are limited.

LOOK! SPACE
ALIENS... NO
SMALL SNACK
ON EARTH MAY
NOW BE SAFE!



POSTAGE

U.K.: T-shirts, 40p each, the other stuff, as much as you want for a 22p A.E.

EUROPE: T-shirts and BADGES, £1.00 or 4 I.R.A.'s.

U.S. PRICES INCLUDING AIRMAIL POSTAGE
T-shirts \$14.00 Both types of stickers \$3.00
Three back issues \$4.00. Set of Badges \$3.00.

All money info on page TWO
WHOLESALE
Get in touch for larger orders and cheap rates!

WHY NOT MAIL IT TODAY?

NEAT STUFF



£1,000 will be forfeited to any charitable institute if the originals cannot be produced on any time with thousands of others at our office.

NEW POSTER!

Put some sass on your bedroom wall with an A4 size poster of the front cover of this issue. Yours madam, for a yummy 35p.



PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!



SKATE MUTES 5 DIMENSION

BADGES

FREE Karate Practice and Nerve Center Chart

Obscenity and humour can sprout from your jacket with a mutie badge. Coming in a variety of garish colours, they'll set you back 25p or £1.25 the whole set.

NEW STICKER

I WAS A VICTIM OF BUNGO BEARS ABNORMALLY LARGE PENIS!



STICKERS

ALSO AVAILABLE AS A BADGE 25p or £1.40 FOR ALL SEVEN!

At last the skate sticker that makes the rest look like bollocks: **TERMINAL MUTATION** comes in FULL COLOUR and sells for 50p. And still up for grabs are the stingy-bugger-sheet-as-big-as-this page paper collection of stickers. (below) At 35p you'd have to have curry for brains not to purchase.

TOTALLY OBSESSED



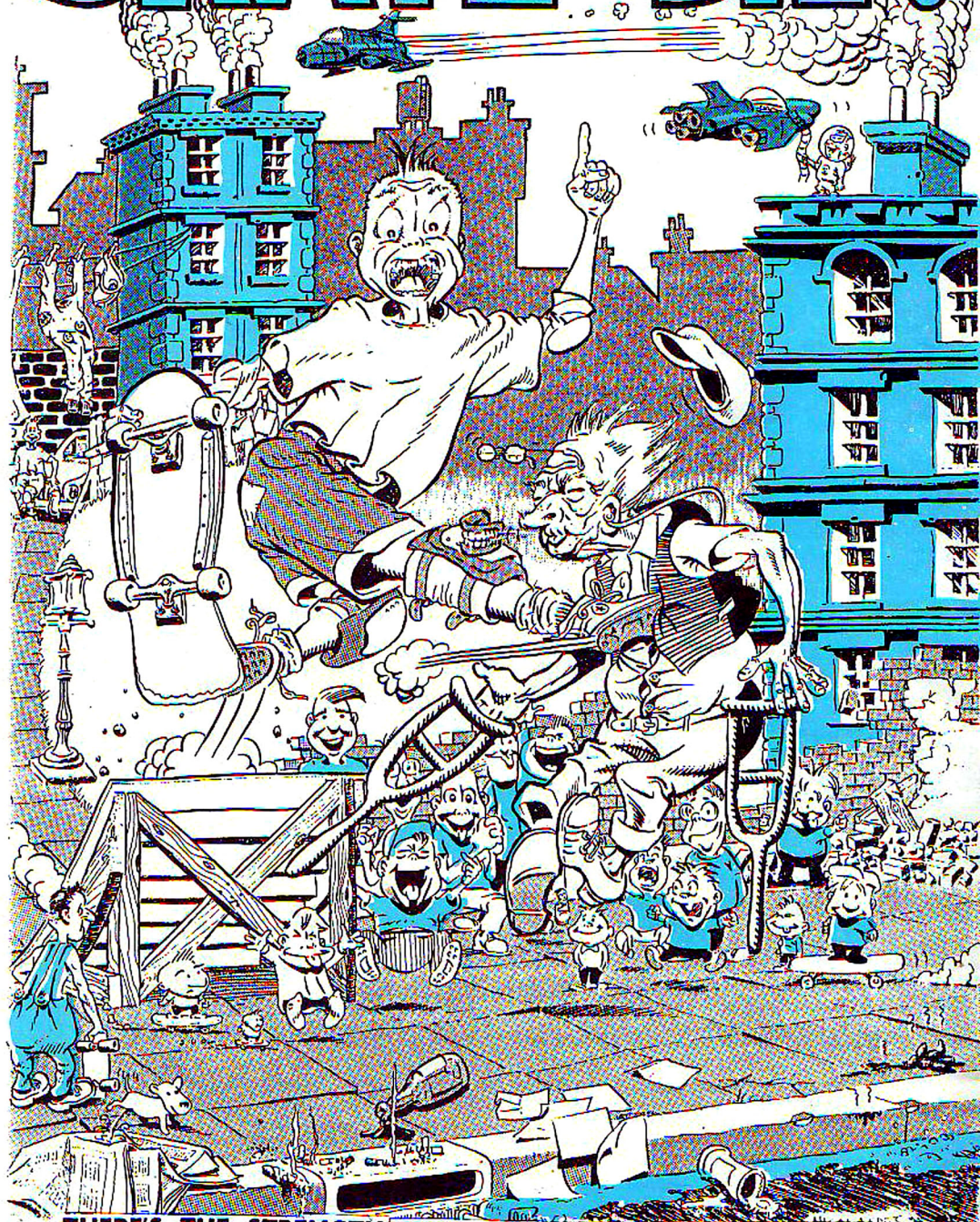
COLORFUL MAGIC ROCKS



BOX OF FROGS!
DOO EYED SPUGS!
I GOTTA GET ME SOME MUTIE TOGS!!



SKATE OR DIE!



THERE'S THE STRENGTH OF A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS

